

**with your jaw  
locked, can't stop  
giving me head**

*i wanna kiss your neck and  
make you purple all over - ll*

**wheezykaspbraks**

## with your jaw locked, can't stop giving me head by wheezykaspbraks

**Series:** [i wanna kiss your neck and make you purple all over](#) [2]

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**Summary:**

“Okay, so, just a warning.” Eddie says, which is maybe the worst way to preface a blowjob. “I’ve never done this before.”

Eddie looks pretty like this, down on his knees, hair messily finger-combed into something resembling its usual style. The gentle light from Richie’s lamp is doing wonders for all of the freckles scattered across the bridge of his nose and the smooth expanse of his shoulders. It’s doing a great job of showing off the marks left behind, too, teeth marks and love bites scattered across his chest, thumb-shaped bruises on his hips.

## with your jaw locked, can't stop giving me head

### Author's Note:

- For [mothersuspiriorum](#).

[mothersuspiriorum](#) mentioned wanting to see eddie blowing richie and so here we are!

also! if anyone wanted to see how i picture the tozier-denbrough dorm, [here it is](#) wooooo

also! once again no beta

“Okay, so, just a warning.” Eddie says, which is maybe the worst way to preface a blowjob. “I’ve never done this before.”

Richie blinks. He’s still very naked, sitting on the edge of his bed with an equally naked Eddie between his thighs. A very naked Eddie, who is currently glaring at his dick like it’s personally offended him, which, “Do I need to be worried about you biting my dick off? Purposely or accidentally, either way, I like my dick where it is, I’m pretty attached to it. Get it? Attached?”

Eddie gives him a withering look, folding his arms on one of Richie’s knees and resting his chin on them. “I’m not going to bite your dick off, asshole, I just might not be very good at this.”

Richie laughs, leaning back on his elbows. “Sweetheart, my first blowjob, I threw up. Literally vomited *on* the dick of the person I was blowing. And then they threw up on *me*, which made me gag in a way that definitely wasn’t hot, which made them —”

“Okay! I get it, endless loop of vomiting!” Eddie says, but he’s grinning, apparently comforted by the image of Richie’s terrible first time sucking a dick.

Eddie looks pretty like this, down on his knees, hair messily finger-combed into something resembling its usual style. They’d turned off the main light when Eddie finally got feeling back in his legs and complained about it hurting his eyes, but the gentle light from

Richie's lamp is doing wonders for all of the freckles scattered across the bridge of his nose and the smooth expanse of his shoulders.

It's doing a great job of showing off the marks left behind, too, teeth marks and love bites scattered across his chest, thumb-shaped bruises on his hips.

Richie leans forward to brush his fingers over a mark on the junction of his shoulder and Eddie easily tilts his head, eyelashes fluttering and pretty mouth parting on a sigh as Richie sweeps his thumb over the hickey that stands stark against tan skin.

"You're so pretty," he murmurs. Eddie's eyes flutter open and he squints a little, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm not, but go off."

Richie raises an eyebrow right back. "You *are*. Prettiest person I've ever seen, seriously. Literally breathtaking."

Eddie rolls his eyes with a huff, but the tips of his ears are already going pink, and there's a shy smile at the corner of his mouth. Richie leans forward to press a kiss there. Eddie presses back into it, blunt nails scratching pleasantly along Richie's bare thighs. Eddie had insisted on the both of them brushing their teeth, hustled them half-naked to the empty bathroom across the hall and frantically brushed his teeth while Richie laughed at the foam around his mouth, adding a decisive, "Definitely rabid." when Eddie gave him a withering look. Only once they'd thoroughly gargled the little travel-sized bottle of mouthwash that Eddie apparently always kept in his fanny pack did he draw Richie in for a minty kiss, nodding to himself in satisfaction.

There's still a lingering mintiness that makes Richie's mouth tingle as he sucks on Eddie's tongue, because Eddie Kaspbrak is the kind of guy who uses extra-strength toothpaste and mouthwash and has this special toothbrush that does something-or-other for getting rid of mouth germs, and is like twice as expensive as the toothbrush that Richie bought from the dollar store down the road.

"Hey," he murmurs as Eddie moves to press a kiss to his jaw, "do you think that the toothpaste will make my dick tingle when you blow

me?”

Eddie pulls back to give him a horrified look. “Is that — christ, is that something that you *want*?”

Richie squints thoughtfully. “I don’t *think* so. Maybe? Probably not, though. Maybe.”

Eddie drops his head back to stare blankly at the ceiling. “Why do I like you. What the hell is wrong with me. What the hell is wrong with *you*? ”

“Aw, babe.” Richie grins, ducking down to nip at Eddie’s neck. “Do you want me to tingle your dingle?”

“*Tingle my* — ” Eddie moves to pull away, furious flush staining his cheeks red. “I hate you so much, I take it back, I’m going to bite your fucking dick off.”

“Hey, if that’s your kink — ”

“Beep fucking beep, Richard.” Eddie slams his hands over Richie’s mouth for good measure, and Richie’s chest aches a little with how cute Eddie looks when he’s mad like this. His brain has made some wild connections over the years, and for some reason an angry Eddie Kaspbrak has crossed the wires between fear and arousal. The sight of him only serves to remind Richie that he is currently very hard, and Eddie is about to put his mouth on his dick, and probably not bite it off. Probably.

Richie licks a slow, sloppy line down his hand. Eddie recoils as if he didn’t just have that tongue in his mouth, which, okay Eddie.

“Okay!” Richie caves with a laugh, “I’m sorry, I’ll shut up now, I’m sorry.”

“Good.” Eddie grumbles, shoving his thighs apart and Richie definitely isn’t laughing anymore, with Eddie’s cute little hands — seriously, so small, so cute, he wants to hold them forever — braced on his hips, elbows on his thighs, warm breath on the base of his cock.

“Okay!” Richie says again, his voice coming out as a squeak.

And then Eddie goes back to glaring at his dick. Richie has just enough time to think that it’s probably fucked up, the way that Angry Eddie Kaspbrak only serves to make him harder, before Eddie’s trying to shove his entire head onto his cock. Richie chokes, and Eddie pulls back to cough, and for a brief moment Richie is terrified that it’s going to be his first blowjob all over again.

And then he sees the frustrated tears in the corners of Eddie’s eyes, and the stubborn set to his mouth, and the way that his shoulders are up around his ears. Richie sighs, reaching out to tug at his hair until Eddie meets his eyes.

“Take it slow.” he says. “Seriously, slow. Build up to it.”

Eddie nods with a shaky breath. He flexes his fingers against Richie’s hips, steadying, and he leans in slower this time. The first lick is hesitant, a barely-there brush of his tongue against the tip of his cock, and Richie would be embarrassed by the spurt of precum that dribbles out if Eddie didn’t lean in to lap it up. He makes a grossed-out face — still cute, always so fucking cute — and then leans in again, and Richie has to collapse back against the mattress to cover his eyes because the sight of Eddie Kaspbrak, pink-cheeked with lidded eyes leaning in to mouth at his cock, is exactly what he’s been fantasizing about since he first discovered what blowjobs were.

It starts as a low tingling in his spine, buzzing every time Eddie sweeps his tongue over his cock, makes his thighs shake and his breath catch when Eddie seals those pretty lips over the tip, a faux kiss that makes him feel lightheaded when he follows it up with a kitten-lick under the head of his cock.

He knows that he’s moaning, vaguely embarrassing sounds, too high-pitched, it makes his face burn because he can hear each and every sound that Eddie pulls from his throat.

“Good boy, Rich.” Eddie mouths against the base of his cock, pressing cute little fingers into his hips when he arches into the feeling of it. “Sound so good for me, does it — does it feel good?”

Richie nods, feeling a little like a bobble-head as he does so, head too loose on his neck. There's not much technique to what Eddie's doing, switching between licking and sucking and using a little too much spit, but it's definitely not a bad thing. And then Eddie slides his mouth over his cock again, and bobs his head, and Richie yelps a little because it feels good but also —

“Teeth! Teeth, babe, shit.”

Eddie pulls off with a grimace. Richie gets caught up in the slick shine of his mouth, the swollen lips, the teary glaze to his eyes.

Eddie makes a surprised little sound when Richie surges forward to kiss him, warm cheeks cradled in his hands. Eddie melts into it, sweeter than sugar, gives this pleased little sigh as their tongues brush that makes Richie want to fucking *ruin* him. He settles for sweeping his thumbs over high cheekbones adoringly, like that could ever be enough to show just how much he loves him.

Eddie curls gentle fingers around his wrists, leans into him and bites at his lip playfully, and Richie grins into the kiss because he knows that Eddie loves him back.

“Okay,” Richie says, pulling away. He sees long eyelashes fluttering against freckled cheeks and the shine of spit on the prettiest mouth in the world. He ducks back in again, and again, and again, stopping only when Eddie starts giggling and pushing at his face. “Okay,” he repeats, grinning now. “You can go back to what you were doing.”

“Thanks for your permission.” Eddie says dryly, voice a little lower than usual, and *fuck* if that doesn't do things to Richie.

Eddie seems pleased to see that Richie's still as hard as he was before teeth entered the equation, and Richie moans when Eddie runs his fingers over the length of him, a self-satisfied quirk to his lips.

Eddie takes care to keep his teeth out of the way, this time, fingers trailing over the underside of his cock as he swirls his tongue over the tip, eagerly lapping up the precum that's steadily dripping down his length. He doesn't get wet the way that Eddie does, but Eddie still manages to slide his fingers through whatever he doesn't lick up,

almost absently trailing his fingers through it. His hands return to Richie's hips, and the sticky-wet feeling of his fingers is hotter than it should be. Richie frantically shoves his glasses back up when he realizes that they're slipping down the bridge of his nose. He never wants to not be watching Eddie.

It's ruined a second later, of course, when Richie throws his head back and curses, fingers scrabbling desperately at the sheets under his hands as Eddie sinks down, inch by inch, mouth wet and hot and fucking perfect around him. He only makes it about halfway before he has to back off, turning his head to cough into his shoulder for a moment. Before Richie can open his mouth, *too big for you, Kasprak?*, Eddie's taking him back into his mouth, slower this time, hollowing out his cheeks as he moves his head.

His laugh comes out shrill, a little hysterical. "You been taking pointers from some *erotic videos*, Eds?"

Eddie opens his eyes to shoot him a scathing look, biting sharp nails into his hips scoldingly. Richie has to bite back a curse because, fuck, okay, those little points of pain feel a lot better than they probably should.

Richie's entire body feels like it's fucking buzzing, thighs trembling and chest heaving

Eddie makes this sound low in his throat, and Richie makes an embarrassing noise at the way it makes his hands shake as they scrabble for purchase on Eddie's shoulders.

"Hey," Richie pants, getting Eddie's attention. "Use your hand if you can't, like, get all of it. No shame in that."

Eddie raises an eyebrow, and Richie groans because of *course* he would see it as a challenge.

There's something inexplicably hot about Eddie on his knees for Richie, petal-pink mouth stretched out around his cock, blinking tears out of long eyelashes.

Eddie breathes out slowly through his nose as he sinks his head back

down. There are these small little noises falling from Eddie's throat with every quick puff of air through his nose, sweet little *ng* s as his throat flexes around his cock, and Richie desperately rakes his fingers through those soft curls. Eddie's eyes all but roll back, and the sight of him desperately rolling his hips against nothing is too fucking hot, Richie can't see his lower half but he can imagine how fucking hard he must be, a pool of precum dripping onto the hardwood floors, he's

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"I'm gonna come," Richie gasps, curling over him. "Eds, I'm —"

Eddie moves back to sink his teeth into the quivering muscle of Richie's thigh, licking over it apologetically when Richie jolts with a pained yelp, because Eddie's teeth are *sharp* and he bites *hard*. "Not yet." Eddie says, and it makes Richie hot all over how he says it like it's an order.

He nods frantically, and the pleased little quirk at the corner of Eddie's mouth is so fucking *hot what the fuck*. Eddie licks over the inside of his thigh, grazes his teeth everywhere he can reach, sucks at his skin and leaves behind marks that get Richie way too hot under the collar to think about seeing when he wakes up.

He whines a pathetic sounding *Eds*, gets blunt nails raking against his sides for it, can't help the litany of high-pitched sounds that fall from him with every brush of Eddie's tongue against the underside of his cock. His hips quiver and jerk, knees jolting, breathing punched out of him in squeaky *ahs*, when Eddie manages to sink his head all the way down, nose brushing against the short curls at the base of his cock.

The way that he says his name this time comes out like a sob. He tangles his fingers in Eddie's hair, whining his way through the vibrations around his cock as Eddie moans. He knows that the only thing keeping his hips down are the hands roughly keeping him pinned to the bed. The thought of that is almost enough to push him over the edge, the way that Eddie holds him down so easily, strength hidden in the lean muscles of his arms. Weekend boxing has done wonders for him, he looks fucking *good* with that wild, bright look in his eyes, hair tied back out of his face with one of Bev's scrunchies, cheeks flushed, golden skin shining under the harsh lights of the gym.

Not to mention those short shorts he wears, and the way that he rolls his sleeves up around his shoulders during the hotter months.

Usually at least one of the losers tags along to watch and cheer him on, even if he's just whaling on a punching bag in the corner. Richie's a regular, and he knows that it's a little pathetic, the way that he spends the whole time all but swooning over him. It's more than worth it when Eddie shoots him a grin over his shoulder, sweaty and flushed and the most gorgeous thing he's ever seen.

He's *still* the most gorgeous thing he's ever seen, pulling back to rub at his jaw, precum and his own saliva making his chin glisten in the fucking best way.

"Okay, baby," Eddie's voice is a low rasp as he starts fisting at his cock, lips brushing against him with every word. "You can come whenever you're ready, such a good fucking boy for me, so well behaved, you gonna come?"

Richie falls forward to pant open-mouthed against his shoulder, frantic little *ahs* as he fucks up into the tight circle of Eddie's hand. They've never been as soft as they look — Eddie often forgets to moisturize, he has bruised knuckles and dry palms and his fingertips are calloused from years of half-heartedly attempting to learn to play the guitar before admitting that he didn't have a musical bone in his body.

Richie presses his mouth to the freckles he's grown up seeing develop over years in the sun, scattered across small but strong shoulders, grinds into hands that he spent years craving the touch of. He thinks of pinkies brushing as they knocked shoulders, ankles knocking under tables, legs tangled in a hammock that struggled under their combined weight, a sweaty hand in his above the quarry, sleepy kisses pressed to foreheads and cheeks and the tips of fingers that weren't spoken about in the light of day.

He thinks about freckled thighs and childhood-bruised knees and bandaids smacked over cuts and scrapes, Richie's first kiss with a girl in his history class desperately wishing that it was his best friend. He thinks of a prom night in a too-crowded school gym with Eddie in a slightly too-big suit and a clip-on tie that he kept adjusting through

the night, swaying together outside during a smoke break after a quiet confession that neither of them wanted to dance with anyone else, an almost-maybe kiss interrupted by Bill bursting outside with a tipsy Stan supported between his and Mike's arms, a teacher shouting after them as the three of them giggled and hauled ass across the parking lot.

He thinks of Eddie whispering in his ear, *be my good boy and come for me*, twisting his wrist in just the right way, sucking a mark behind the curve of his jaw, and if he cries a little as he comes, well — no one needs to know.

Eddie probably notices, probably tastes the salty tears as he covers his face in tender kisses, between murmured *did so well for me, looked so good*, as Richie gasps and twitches his way through the aftershocks. He doesn't mention it, though, because he's a sweetheart like that.

Eddie pulls away after a few minutes, presses a soothing kiss to his temple when Richie reaches for him. He comes back with his pack of wet wipes and a bottle of antiseptic, cleaning the both of them over. Richie blinks at him a little dazedly as Eddie wipes over his arms, holds them out and lets Eddie rub antiseptic up to his elbows before doing the same to himself.

It was just a blowjob. It was just a blowjob, and it was also fucking *everything* — a lifetime of loving and longing and needing Eddie so badly that it sometimes felt like he couldn't breathe without him.

Richie comes back to himself when Eddie collapses against his side. Richie reaches for him, blinking in surprise when Eddie huffs a slurred, "Don't need to." into his shoulder. Richie rolls his hips just to be sure and, yeah, Eddie's definitely not hard. He's confused for a moment, and then —

"You came from blowing me."

Eddie hums in agreement, nosing behind his ear.

"Fuck *me*." Richie huffs. "You're so hot, what the fuck."

Eddie laughs quietly. "I mean, I wouldn't be against fucking you."

Richie covers his eyes with his hands, face burning. He feels Eddie press a sweet kiss to his shoulder, voice quieter when he asks,

“Is that something that you’d be okay with, Rich?”

“I would very much be okay with that.” Richie admits. Eddie makes a pleased sound, brushing his fingers over Richie’s chest. The devious little shit grins when they catch on a way too over-sensitive nipple and he feels Richie’s sharp inhale. He does it again, and again, giggling when Richie grabs for his wrist, because they’re an embarrassingly direct line to his dick and he will *die* if Eddie makes him go again in that short of a timeframe.

Eddie leans up till his lips brush the curve of Richie’s ear, voice gone all sweet around the edges. “You want me to fuck you, Rich? Fuck you like the good boy you are, huh? Hold you down and just fucking wreck you?”

Richie drags him in with a noise of disbelief, arm hooked around his shoulders. “Go to *sleep* you literal fucking gremlin.”

Eddie laughs against him, buried in his shoulder, and presses a series of fluttery kisses to the skin there before settling down with a pleased little hum.

“Hey.” Richie says after a while. He’s not entirely sure that Eddie’s even still awake, until he feels a rumby little *mm?* against his shoulder. “Thanks for not biting my dick off. As far as first blowjobs go? Ten out of ten, very well done.”

Eddie’s shoulders shake with laughter against him. His voice comes out muffled, “Thanks, Rich. Your support means the world to me. Even if your stupid dick did make my fucking jaw ache, which. Not as hot as it sounds.”

Richie grins, turning onto his side to wriggle his way under Eddie’s chin. Eddie huffs as he wraps his arms around him, tangling their legs together. Richie presses a brief kiss over where he can feel Eddie’s heart thundering away against his cheek. There’s something endlessly soothing about being able to feel the heartbeat of someone he loves; not only Eddie, but any of the losers. They’re all used to him splaying

himself out on top of them in bed with his head on their chests, long fingers wrapped around wrists keeping track of their pulse, an arm casually thrown over shoulders with his hand settles against their pulse points in their necks. It settles something inside of him; they're there, they're safe, they're okay.

"Rich." Eddie suddenly says, brushing a hand through his hair rhythmically. "Are we, like. Okay with the others knowing? Because — Bill."

Richie hums vaguely. "I'm fine with it if you are. I'm pretty sure they've been betting on this happening for, like, years."

Eddie's chest jumps under his head with his sharp little laugh. "God, I think you're right. That would explain a *lot*."

Richie smacks a kiss against his chest, right over his heart. "Okay, go the fuck to sleep. I'm pretty sure you, liked, sucked my soul out of my dick."

Eddie wheezes a laugh, tugging at his hair just barely enough to sting. "Asshole. Love you."

Richie beams, so fucking happy he thinks that he might legitimately die. "Love you too, spaghetti man."

—

Bill's scream when he finds them in the morning, splayed out very naked on top of the sheets, dicks just sort of Out There for the world to see, is more than enough to make up for the fact that Eddie forgot to brush his fucking teeth again before falling asleep, even if he does panic and suckerpunch him in the gut when Richie purses his lips and tries to kiss him.

### **Author's Note:**

ur comments and kudos.....hand 'em over (fr they make me SO HAPPY theyre the only reason i keep writing pls im withering away give me love to sustain me)

also hnnngngnnngnnghgnh bottom richie.....might  
write that next if anyone is interested.....

also also expect all of my nsfw to be more soft than  
sexy thats just how im built i need soft lovey feelings  
with my porn don't judge me